

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1923

No. 4

Purple and Red Win in Thrilling Game With Elmhurst 6 - 0

Held twice in the first quarter within a yard of the enemy's goal line, St. Joe's gridmen came back with a do or die spirit in the final period of Saturday's game with Elmhurst, and won a brilliant victory, when Norm Liebert, in the midst of eager foes, leaping and snatching "Red" Gunderman's equally difficult twenty-two yard pass, fell across the line for the only score of the afternoon.

The game was a thriller from start to finish with both teams giving everything they had. A driving rain made the field slippery and the going risky, but this failed to destroy the fighting spirit that made the contest a game of real football. The spectators, who braved the dampness to see the fray, were amply rewarded; and joy reigned supreme on the St. Joe side, when they witnessed the winning play.

Saints Fail Twice in First Half

Jeffers booted the hog hide to the visitors' twenty yard line and the ball was carried to the twenty-five yard line. After failing to gain Elmhurst punted and St. Joe began marching goal-ward, only to be stopped when Jim Hipskind fumbled on the twenty-five yard line. Elmhurst failed to gain through the line and when resorting to the air route their first attempt was intercepted in midfield. Gunderman then shot a pass to Weier, that was good for fifteen yards, and on the next play Weier plunged through center for another five yards, the play during which Gotz, Elmhurst center, because of a twisted ankle had to retire from the contest. With fifteen yards to go Lyons slid off tackle for eight and repeated for one more yard on the next play. Elmhurst's defense stiffened, however, and held on the first and second down; but on the third try Weier wormed through for a yard. The next play was a heart-breaker; for the ball went over when Lyons, trying desperately failed to carry it across the line. Elmhurst then kicked to their own

TWO PROFESSORS HONORED

Father Henkel and Father Schuette
Receive Membership in Roman
Society.

Tuesday evening at the faculty meeting the Very Reverend Provincial presented Father Justin Henkel and Father Clemens Schuette with certificates of membership to the Pontificia Accademia Degli Arcadia of Rome. These certificates were given because of faithful and meritorious service as teachers rendered by these professors for the last twenty-five and thirty years respectively. They also were conferred in recognition of the splendid work done by Father Justin with his singing and musical compositions, as well as his having taught the fine literatures in the past. Father Clemens' honor is because of his praiseworthy labors in Latin, in other studies, and for the text-books he has edited.

The Arcadia was founded in 1690 for the purpose of opposing "Euphuism" and bombast in the Italian Language and to inaugurate a return to nature in literature. As time passed, the society gained reputation and became the champion of nearly all the arts and sciences, claiming as members, noblemen, ecclesiastics, and laymen, men who were foremost in every walk of life. Thus we find that Italy's greatest literary men were members of this academy. Each member is given a classical name, and Father Justin's is "Alfeo Tridonio," while Father Clemens' is "Theogenos Memphisco."

Membership to this academy is a great favor, very few being able to attain it. The foremost member today is the pope, who encourages its scientific and literary development. Membership is limited to a very small number also; it is only attainable at the death of some other member.

At the same time the Reverend Provincial handed both Fathers di-

plomas granted them by the Board of Definitors of the Society of the Most Precious Blood in Rome. These were signed by the General of the Congregation, Very Reverend Hyacinth Petroni, Missionary Apostolic, and by the Secretary General, Father Antonius Velardi, Consultor S. Congregation Consilii, and it recounted the virtues of the two professors, together with their services and accomplishments. The Cheer, in the name of the students, tenders kind and sincere congratulations to these two Fathers.

CLASS OF '24 ELECTS

A mass meeting of the class of '24 was called on Sunday, October 28, by the Reverend Rector of the college, for the purpose of announcing those eligible for graduation and for the election of the class officers. The class of graduates numbers fifty-seven. Francis Fate and Raymond Yeager are president and secretary, respectively.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MEETING

The Raleigh Club Room was the scene of a Knights of Columbus meeting on the night of October 23, at which there were about one hundred knights in attendance. After the regular business the new officers were installed for the Dwenger Council, in the presence of the district deputy.

Several points were debated and among them, the student-members placed the question as to the possibility of having a greater number of meetings and also an initiation here at college. The district deputy, Mr. Agath, made some timely remarks in his lengthy address. Another very important and pleasing feature of the meeting was the "feed" which was enjoyed especially by the collegiate members.

Continued on page 5

THE PRICE THEY PAID

Dark clouds hung over the long line of wooded hills near Cumberland Gap. Kentucky was in a stormy mood. And why shouldn't it be? The Turner clan and the Ralston clan had reopened the scar of their age-long feud, and the blood of battle gushed forth. For two years peace had reigned between these two factions, but jealousy had now again, even as in former days, grown too strong.

Tad Turner, the pride of the Turner clan, was dead. He had been shot the day before by Gorf Ralston, a giant in size and strength, the pride of the Ralston clan.

Tad had trespassed on the Ralston property, a reckless act, to be sure. Gorf had seen this and shot Turner without question. Gorf had not meant to kill, but the intent had not changed the result. The deed was done and the Turners were out for revenge. All the members of the family had furtively gathered together to express their wrath, and in their secret conclaves Pa Turner's voice boomed loud and strong. The Ralston clan had killed the pride of his life, his eldest son. As sure as Turner blood flowed in his veins, he would make them pay, and pay with interest.

The sight of his dead son had hardened Turner to the utmost, and no one, save his daughter Betty, dared cross him. A rose among thorns was Betty, and the touch of her little hands alone would soften the look on Pa Turner's face. Though only eight years old, she understood him perfectly. How he loved Betty! How Betty loved Dad!

Knap Ralston, leader of the Ralston clan, was ready, and was eagerly longing for the fight to begin.

"Let them come," was all he said, when he heard that the Turners were planning revenge.

Gorf Ralston was ready for anything, but in his heart he felt and knew that he would have to bear the brunt of the fight. Just to save him, had the Ralston clan gathered together at this particular time. To give himself up would be to brand himself a coward; so fight he must, and fight with every drop of blood in him.

The women of both sides prayed and pleaded with the men to stop; but in vain. The fight was inevitable.

Some invisible hand had fashioned a fitting day for the climax. Amid dark and gloom, the storm of the elements without, and the passions within, these hardy mountaineers was about to break forth in all its fury. The Ralston faction had hidden themselves behind trees and now doggedly awaited the arrival of their foe. The howling of the wind, the roar of the thunder, the crash of the lightning

only made them more determined to hold their posts.

An outcry on the other side of the ravine indicated unmistakably that the Turners had come. A flash of lightning seemed to envelope, with its glare, the position of the Ralstons, as it silhouetted their forms against the dark clouds. Then a rifle shot broke the momentary stillness. A Turner had found a mark. A shout of triumph came from the Turner side, answered by a woman's cry of anguish from the Ralston position.

Bullets flew fast and thick; the shrill crack of rifles could plainly be heard above the din of the elements. Again a shout from the Turner side. Gorf Ralston had been struck and could now be seen rolling down the hill to the deep ravine. The Turners charged; they must get him before the Ralstons did.

But too late, a little figure in gingham was running swiftly down the steep incline. It was Betty. She had become separated from the other women and in her loneliness quietly watched the battle from behind a log. In her heart she knew that the man who rolled down the ravine needed help, and she wanted to help him. And now, there she stood, bending over the dazed, writhing form of Gorf Ralston. She had taken his hand in hers and was trying to pull him up, when lo, a bullet intended to stop the Turner rush, pierced her heart. Bleeding and lifeless, Betty fell prostrate over the body of Gorf.

Shooting ceased; the Turner onrush stopped; only the elements continued in unabated fury. Pa Turner was the first at Betty's side. Gradually men and women closed them in from both sides. Not a word was spoken. Tenderly Pa Turner picked Betty up in his arms and, bent in sorrow, walked silently through the crowd. They watched him until his form vanished over the hill. Still not a word was spoken. Finally the men threw their guns over their shoulders and left, each walking with drooping head toward his cabin. The Ralstons took the body of Gorf with them. At the end of this mournful line followed Knap Ralston. A changed man was he; his cruel expression had vanished. He seemed to be in deep thought when suddenly a determined resolution shone forth in his eyes.

Two days had dragged out their dreary length and the sun in all its glory was just dawning on the morning of the third. The bluegrass on the gently-sloping hillside sparkled with dew, and the trees, peopled with birds, sounded forth to all a message of peace and joy. Scarcely a stone's throw from the ravine, on a grass-carpeted mound shaded by a majestic oak, there stood on either side of two newly-made graves two grizzled men, their hands clasped, their hearts weighted with a grief that time would

never lift. They were Pa Turner and Knap Ralston. And their clasped hands tokened a solemn pledge of peace to Cumberland Gap. Peace indeed had come again to Cumberland Gap, but a tear moistened the eye of many a Turner—and Ralston too—as the mournful whispered to one another: "And the price of peace was an innocent child."

Raymond F. Yeager, '24.

LYCEUM COURSE

Through the courtesy of the Reverend Rector we are publishing the college lyceum program for the school year. A lyceum course always has a positive educational value and, though we may not be aware of the fact, it gently molds our actions and, in part, our lives. Thus, a course of this type is either highly beneficial or very harmful to the growing mind. As in previous years, St. Joseph college has used her unerring judgment in this regard, ever mindful of the weighty trust given to her in the education of students. It is with these thoughts in mind that the authorities of the college have arranged the following program:

Dunbar Male Quartet and Bell Ringers, Dec. 15.

Eugene Knox, Entertainer and Character, 8.

Betty Booth Concert Company, Feb. 8.

Lew Sarett, Poet of the Wilderness, March 3.

In connection with each performance there will be more information given through the Cheer columns, in proper season.

Also the college has two movies booked for the entertainment course: Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist,"

Dec. 5.

Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," Dec. 8.

This program promises much entertainment for Collegeville this season.

REPS OF PROUD ST. JOE.

Reps, you fought like men
Unto the bitter end!

Reps, you proved that luck
To dogged work must bend.

What of the rain and mud;
What of the darkened skies!

Your cheeks with battle glowed,
With victory your eyes.

We saw our colors bright,
Three times in loss downhurled.

But, lo, they fly again,
By St. Joe Reps unfurled.

High flies the Purple-Red
Above the ringing land.

Shake boys! You raised it there
With sport's unsullied hand.

Hurray for them that fight
Till yields the stubborn foe!

"Nine rahs" for our big squad,
The Reps of proud St. Joe.

E. O'Connor, '24.

ALUMNI COLUMN

It is indeed a great pleasure for us to announce that our plea for aid has received a prompt reply from so able an Alumnus as Father Leo Sponar, C. PP. S. As announced in our first issue Father Sponar is doing mission work, and we consider it more than a favor of him to take a few minutes of his precious time to write for the Alumni Column. In rendering our heartiest thanks to Father Sponar, we ask that the other Alumni do not forget us. The ice is broken, so come on, the water is fine! But let Father Sponar tell you:

"The continued and vigorous life of a nation depends upon the stability and healthful conditions of its home life. The hearth-fire and the inspiring circle about it have ever been the sacred precincts whence people have drawn the defensive and offensive weapons that have molded their lives, shaped their destinies and welded their common interests into purposeful activity for the benefit of themselves and the race in general. He is the greatest benefactor of a people or of the world who succeeds beyond all others, in promoting and strengthening the mystic bonds of family and home life.

"St. Joseph college, embracing in that term yesterday, today and tomorrow, is a tiny nation or a large family with traditions and memories of the past, ambitions and trials of the present, hopes and ideals for the future. Some of the members of that family have wrought heroic deeds that the family might continue to live, practically all others have sacrificed and prayed for lasting prosperity of all the members, and at present, youth is dreaming of, and praying too, for the glorious halo with which they would crown the brow of beloved Alma Mater.

"From the present students and growing brothers of our common home, there goes forth the timely and hearty invitation to elder brothers, fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers to join the family circle, to come back home every now and then and visit about the hearth, to chuckle or break out in vociferous laughter over the pleasantries of the past or also to bend the head in silent, reverential memory of the sweet, though sadly haunting thought of the one that has gone away.

"We cannot often go back actually and grasp the firm and warm hands of brethren and catch the smile of mother, for we must be about affairs of our own; we have grown up and shouldered burdens which tie us down, even though our minds wander back home. However, very often we may if we choose, receive a genuinely responsive message from the fire-side it-

self, a word from mother, side-lights upon her daily doings, gleaming hints of maturing manhood and intellectual genius from the younger brethren and,———now from the Alumni Column a hearty hand-shake, either from one who has begun to feel the weight of years or notice the sprinkle of gray, or from one who has just set a determined foot westward whence he has heard a call or where there still lie unexplored meadows. This is a precious and pressing call from Alma Mater, one as natural and as necessary as life itself; it is the call of self-preservation as well as that of continued health and vigor. May I not, Fellow Alumni, in your name, promise mother and the boys at home, that they will not look in vain for the regular message from us?"

"THE ETERNAL FLAME"

Thursday evening, October 1, we realized more than ever before that the two most expensive words of the English language are "Norma Talmadge," when she of that name played in the "Eternal Flame." Norma Talmadge is practically the only actress in her sphere on the screen; she stands unrivaled. She is truly "the queen of the movies."

In this fascinating love tale of old France, the eternal flame, love leads a beautiful young duchess through the trials of an unhappy marriage, through the wiles of her own coquetry, and finally through the pains of true love. It is easily seen that there is an abundance of room for the play of emotional acting, and who will say that Norma Talmadge did not give us that in a very pleasing and praiseworthy manner? Instinctively, however, we know that Norma is just beginning to take her place in the hearts of the American people that she has won, and we realize that some day she is going to give us the greatest piece of emotional acting known, and with it she is going to set the world on fire with the "Eternal Flame."

SENIOR CLUB TO STAGE
BILLIARD TOURNAMENT

Followers of the green-cloth game are anxiously awaiting the click of the opening break of the Senior Club Billiard Tournament. Many have signified their intentions of entering the contest and the prizes will undoubtedly attract more. From the reports floating around the campus some of the star cue artists of the school are already in the pink of condition.

The daily results of this tournament will probably hold the stage of interest during the week as there will be a lull in the more strenuous sports, since football is virtually over and basket ball not yet matured.

NEWMAN CLUB PROGRAM,
SUNDAY, NOV. 4, 1923

The evening opened with a short snappy address by our President Mr. Joseph Ludwig. This followed something new and pleasing on our program: a seven piece orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wimmers rendered a delightful selection of music. Mr. Ludwig then headed the regular program with an essay entitled, "A Manly Fellow," which was delivered in a very spirited style. After Mr. Ludwig the following fourteen members entertained:

Paul Gallagher, Francis Weier, Oscar Sieben, Joseph Hartman, John Ruppel, Kenneth Hans, Raymond Bedwell, John Beckman, "Nor" Liebert, Bernard Middendorf, Daniel Castillo, Anthony Basso, Joseph Reardon and Martin Kinney.

Another selection by the orchestra was followed by a farce entitled, "The Hunter and the Coon," ably enacted by John Monohan and Walter Boone.

The program was brought to a close with a few remarks by our Reverend Moderator, Father Maurice, who spoke at length of the splendid spirit of cooperation manifested by the participants in the two private programs thus far given.

PHOTOGRAPHS

"Here, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;

For, when hence you go,

The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old."

Abraham Cowley.

Ten or fifteen years from now, on some occasion or other, you will find yourself called upon to entertain some friends who were your fellow students when you were at St. Joe. Think what a pleasant time it will be if you have some old college "snaps" to show them. Such photographs will conjure up in your minds some happy holiday when you took that stroll into the country and enjoyed yourself so much. They will carry you back, in spirit, to your dear old school days and those never-to-be-forgotten times spent in the happiest period of your lives. Then you can laugh at the changes time has made in the appearance of your friends.

Grasp your fine opportunity now and take pictures, the money required will be well spent and repay you tenfold. Have a picture album full of "snaps." We are able to serve you.—College Photo Company.

Prof. (In history)—"Schumacker, why did America lose so much time entering the war?"

Shu, (lazily)—"Not prepared, Father."

Prof.—"Correct."

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Collegeville, Indiana, Nov. 10, 1923.

EDITORIALS

Armistice Day—And the Peace it Failed to Bring.

The eleventh of November! Our thoughts harbor pleasant reminiscences as we delve into memory's store-house and recall the significance of this date. The eleventh of November, 1918—five years ago it was that the thrilling message flashed through autumn's chill air, flashed from the shell-riddled fields of France to the four corners of a war-weary world, "The war is over!!"

This anniversary should indeed be a day of rejoicing. To our valiant dough-boy that November morn of '18 means much, the events of that autumn day are emblazoned indelibly upon his memory. His country, in her hour of need, had sent out a call for help—a call for hands that would carry the flag so high that no stain of earth could reach it. She had sent out a call for men who could do and dare and die. It was the hero's hour—the hour of hearts that knew no fear, the hour of hearts whose blood was true. Duty called—and our dough-boy obeyed.

Duty pointed straight ahead—and he followed! He followed until that eleventh day of November, 1918, when the message of the armistice told him that his duty was fulfilled, his mission accomplished. He could now return to his loved ones. Then, why should he not rejoice today? And why should not we unite with him on this anniversary of the signing of the armistice?

Silhouetted against this background of national rejoicing, however, there looms up the foreboding contour of the greedy diplomat. Just as no words can characterize adequately the endurance, the heroism, and the devotion of the millions of men who offered their very lives upon the field of battle, so there are no words to characterize the fatuousness and greed of the diplomat, who is giving us nothing less than a chaos of disorder and intrigue. After our soldiers fought a war to end all war the diplomat stealthily follows, sowing the seeds of new wars far and wide.

Because of the lamentable state of the world's affairs due to insane diplomacy our jubilation on this anni-

versary retreats before sentiments of regret linked with earnest hope. Actual warfare filled history's pages for four years; and this war of avaricious diplomats has already stained the history of five long years, leaving small prospect of peaceful issue.

No monument towering to the skies, nor salvos of distinction from the throats of the masses can quite compare with the serious commendation which comes to those who have labored in behalf of peace. Peace is a subject to be studied, not an objective to be fought for by flashing blades or bristling bayonets. Moreover, peace is a matter for intelligent analysis. The Greatest Man in the world of Whom history has record was called the "Prince of Peace." He healed the sick, restored the dead, made the blind to see, and exercised magnificent charity towards all. And yet He is remembered more as the Man who came into the world to establish peace.

As the world has struggled toward the light it has been forced to recognize certain well-defined principles. Among these is to be enumerated that need for justice as between man and man, and between nation and nation, which all too often is neglected. Then, too, there is an imperative call for regard on the part of the strong for the weak. One absolutely indispensable requisite for peace there is, however, one essential which the world sorely lacks in the present age. It is prayer. Prayer to the "Prince of Peace" can alone restore Heaven's most precious boon upon earth. Absolute contempt for prayer has delayed the ultimate, permanent peace for which men and women from the very dawn of history have sought so earnestly, for which the world so sorely yearns.

Beg Your Pardon

Several mistakes crept into the composite of grades published in our previous issue. Keenly regretting these errors, we beg pardon of these individuals, and while giving the assurance that these errors were purely accidental trust that those concerned will, in view of the great labor entailed in this tabulation, regard the blunders in the same light. The corrections follow: Among the First Classicals Michael Walz is tied for eighth place with 93 per cent, while Charles Schmidt ranks ninth with a grade of 91¼ per cent. An 87 1-7 average gives George Rick eighth position in the list of Fourth Year students.

The Value of Friendship

Experience teaches us the value of friendship—that spirit of amity and good will for those with whom we come in daily contact. Individually, we have experienced the happiness and security which come from the

possession of such friendship and also the regret which follows its loss. So essential do we feel it to be to us that its influence is relinquished reluctantly, while at the same time we earnestly hope that some act of fate may work its return.

If the loss of a friend is cause for sorrow, the winning of one is surely cause for joy. Since this is so, it is well for us to pause to learn if we, as students, are making the most of the opportunity offered by our association with the students of St. Joseph's. If we have been lax in the past, undoubtedly we shall be surprised with the responses to our future efforts along these lines. We should have an individual interest in knowing and appreciating in particular the students of our class, for though in a few short years, perhaps even months, we will leave college pals, we shall nevertheless, it is to be hoped, work intimately and directly with them in the interests of our Holy Mother Church and of the Country.

Nowhere else, perhaps, are loyalty, mutual understanding and appreciation, and constructive and conscientious co-operation in greater demand than in the laudable practice of defending our holy Religion, publicly, if needs be. The deeper the young man's appreciation of harmony and good will, which necessarily follow the possession of worth while friends, and the more sincere his efforts to make this appreciation a guiding force within him, the greater will be his success, both morally and financially.

After all, life, it seems, is but a great mirror, reflecting what we, as individuals, really are. If we are constant, loyal and true, our friends are going to be constant, loyal and true to us, making possible that mutual helpfulness and understanding upon which the success of the young man rests—the foundation without which even his desire to achieve will be devoid of its merited results. Ambition, properly directed, bids us play the game to win—honestly fearlessly, squarely; but ambition asks for the moral strength which comes from the cultivation of friendship, from the inspiration and encouragement given by those who are friends, loyal and constant, in failure as well as in success. Are we fair to ourselves and to our fellow-students? Are we making the most of the opportunity given to us? If not, let us resolve to do so, happy in the consciousness that our efforts will be richly rewarded.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once described a human being as a "bundle of habits, animated by an impulse," and an esteemed contemporary digs up a saying that "Life is a supernatural phenomenon of arrested radiation on the outer crust of a cooling nebula." These definitions are like life itself—"One darn thing after another."

"THIRDS" STEAM ROLLER SOPH TEAM 72 to 0.

Completely outplaying the second year lads in every department of the game, the big, purple football machine from the third class scored at will and succeeded in amassing seventy-two points before the final whistle sounded last Saturday.

The "Thirds" presented a well balanced machine that played real football. Especially effective was its delayed line smashes and concealed end runs. The Sophomores seemed dazed, not once threatening the Juniors' goal line. Under the able direction of Reardon at quarter, Monahan and Fleck stood out prominently as the big ground gainers for the Thirds; while for the Sophs the defensive work of Greter, Jim Schuckert and Warren was of high caliber.

FIGURE THIS OUT IF YOU CAN

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can the eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth

The nails on the end of his toes?

What does he raise from the slips of his tongue?

Who plays on the drums of his ear?

And who can tell the cut and the style

Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?

And if so, what did it do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

PURPLE AND RED WIN FROM ELMHURST 6-0

thirty-five yard line and then downed Lyons after he had returned it ten yards. After Weier's gain of fifteen on an unbalanced formation, the ball again changed hands, following an incomplete pass. Elmhurst punted thirty yards; and after a futile attempt to gain, the Hoosiers also kicked, and when the ball was fumbled by the Elmhurst safety on the twenty yard mark, Norm Liebert, with a cat-like leap, pounced on the oval. With the goal again in whispering distance, the Saints smashed through the Chicigoans up to within one yard of the goal when the quarter ended.

On the fourth down, with the ball on the one yard line, Weier charged through center. But the wall held and the ball once more went over. Following this the play seesawed back and forth in Elmhurst territory. As the end of the half was nearing, the Saints were desperate in their attempt at forward passing. After a number of failures with the too slippery ball, the last throw of some twenty-five yards was caught by Norm Liebert just as the half ended.

Third Quarter Stubbornly Contested
Jeffers again teed off and after Elmhurst had returned the ball to midfield the Purple and Red defense stiffened. And when the Illini lads kicked to the Hoosiers' ten yard line, Jeffers promptly returned the compliment and the ball was again on the fifty yard line; but only for an instant, for the next play, a pass, netted the invader fifteen yards. This brought the Collegians to their senses and they proceeded to hold for downs. Weier then went on a rampage, reeling off two successive runs for a total of thirty yards. Lyons smashed the line for three more. But a pass,

Continued on page 8

The Best Quality at
The Right Price

—:

THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
WILLIAM TRAUB

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

HOTEL MAKEEVER
A Home Away From Home

Thomas M. Callahan
The Place to Buy your
COAL

DR. CATT
Optometrist
Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted.
Office over Long's Drug Store

A. F. LONG & SON
Druggists and Stationers
Cameras and Films
Ice Cream and Sodas
Phone 53

O'RILEY'S
THE PLACE OF SWEETS
Cookies — Cakes — Rolls

WARNER BROS.
HARDWARE

Furnishings
Toilet Goods

Candies, Cookies
and Eats at our
Grocery.

Supply Your Needs At

Murray's
DEPARTMENT STORE

Florsheim Shoes

Coopers Underwear

Hart Schaffner

and Marx Clothes

Go where your friends go- to

THE COLLEGE INN

Where Quality and Service count

THEIR MISTAKES

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it;

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it;

When a lawyer makes a mistake it is just, what he wanted, for he has a chance to try the case all over again;

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes a law of the land;

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference;

But when an editor makes a mistake—GOOD NIGHT!!!!

Dates of World Tragedies.

The saxophone was invented in 1846, jazz started in 1915.

"Yes, we have no bananas," was written in 1923.

Overheard at Senior Table Number 2: Gunderman eating soup.

Diary of a "Noble Senior."

Four years ago today: Pumpkin pie for dinner.

Three years ago today: Football—St. Joe 19, Crane 32.

Third English class: (Prof. 's class!!) 'booked' after dinner.

Two years ago today: Ten days till exams. Apple pie for dinner.

One year ago today: Club initiations (of blessed memory says Froehle), just over.

Mac DeShone: "It's preposterous, old man. I'm an expert at driving. What I know about driving would fill a book."

Officer: "And what you don't know would fill a hospital. Give us your name and address now."

Evidently booze is not classed as a college spirit.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were in dispute over the nationality of a friend.

"I say he was born in France," said the Frenchman, "and therefore he is a Frenchman."

"Not at all," said Pat. "Begorra, if a cat had kittens in an oven, would you call them biscuits?"

Froehle: "Well, Lauer, if anything goes wrong, I'll always be able to keep the wolf away from the door by singing."

Lauer: "There is no doubt about it."

Wife: "Where does that child get his temper? Not from me surely."

Husband: "No none of yours is missing."

Koors: (Entering postoffice) "I'd like to have my mail."

P. M.: "What's your name?"

Koors: "Why look if you don't know. It's on the letters."

Famous last words: "I'm tired of taking that man's dust."

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

RENSSELAER, IND.

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS

X-RAY TREATMENTS

I. M. Washburn, M. D.

C. E. Johnson, M. D.

E. F. Duvall, D. D. S.

Dentist

RENSSELAER, - - - INDIANA

In George E. Murray Building.

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We rebuild 'em to look and wear like new.

The College Shoe Shop

H. G. ABBETT CO.

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Philip J. Frechette Wholesale Candy Company

"QUALITY CANDIES PRICED RIGHT"

Our complete line carried by the

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

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Drug, Kodak and Stationery line
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Phone 118

CHEERY CHATTER

Louie Brenner has cast quite a spell on the College Freshmen class in expression—he is recognized as a medal contender. But Petit says—"Try and get it."

Mac DeShone tells this about Brother Vic—They were approaching Rensselaer and Brother's horse, Billy, was cutting quite a pace when all of a sudden Brother pulled him up and said to Mac—"Son, see that sign—Well it says, 'Speed Limit in City fifteen miles an hour,' so he turned the horse around and headed for college, for as he explained to Mac, he was sure Billy couldn't make the fifteen."

If Mr. Gallagher or Mr. Shean could be in the college washroom in the morning—Oh Boy! Johnny Byrne's trunk would leave for Glenwood or parts unknown—(Glenwood).

It is about time that old familiar saying got going: "Boy, where ist di profit?"

Did you ever know Wimmers is the fastest guy in the school? No? Listen to this—He was in the orchestra pit talking to Red Kramer—Urban—"Say Red, do you know time flies?" "Sure," says Red. "Well," Says, the Daytonian musician, as he adjusted his violin, "I beat time."

New Barber Shop

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Phones: Res., 403--Office, 523

Office Hours: 9-12 a.m.; 2-5 p.m.—Tues., Thur., Fri., 7-8 p.m.

The other day there appeared on the college horizon, a prominent senior wearing suspenders. Think of it, a senior, but it only goes to show how the senior sets the example—Since this debut the school in general has adopted the suspender craze as the improvised vogue—What next?

"Spuds" Murphy, all excited, ran up to Johnny Klen:

"Say, Johnny, did you lose a half a dollar?"

"Yes, I believe I did," said Johnny reaching in his pockets. "Have you found one?" "Oh no," replied "Spuds." "I just want to find out how many have been lost today. Yours makes 55."

Pete (In Dwenger Hall)—"You cough with more ease this morning."

Klocker—"My gosh! I ought to, I've been practicing all night."

Jordan (to the dentist)—"Fifteen dollars! Why, you usually charge me three."

Dentist—"Yes, but you yelled so loud—you scared three patients away."

He ordered spaghetti and mash,

But instead drew some noodles and hash;

His eyeballs turned green

And he broke the tureen

And declared they'd get none of his cash.

In Math class: "If something is taken away from something, less will remain."

Farragher—"How about the two ends of a stick. Cut 'em both off, and two ends remain."

for Economical Transportation



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WORKS

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Pressing Dry Cleaning

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The place to buy your footwear,
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HILLIARD & HAMILL

Clothing Store

J. J. MONTGOMERY

News Stand

PURPLE AND RED WIN FROM ELMHURST 6-0

Gunderman to Weier, failed as the quarter ended. Elmhurst—0; St. Joe—0.

Final Quarter a Thriller

The final quarter started with a dash when "Red" Gunderman intercepted an Elmhurst pass. Jim Hipkind shot off tackle for eight and "Red" Gunderman gained seven more yards on a trick play. A pass was incomplete and Weier hit center for seven yards. "Red" Lyons came back with six more and a first down. But the next play resulted in a three yard loss. Weier hit center for eight and then a pass failed and the ball went over. An exchange of punts put the ball on Elmhurst's thirty yard line. After two futile attempts to gain Weier again smashed the forward wall. It was now fourth down and three, with the outlook anything but bright as only seven more minutes of play remained.

Touchdown; Norm Liebert the Hero

The mud besmeared warriors came out of the signal ring with a snap as the ball flew into "Red" Gunderman's waiting hands. Two invading linemen charged madly at him, but the boy from Brooklyn side-stepped elu-

sively and with an unerring eye let fly the hog hide. Twenty-two yards down the field Norm Liebert, as stated, leaped into the air, clutched the leather and stumbled over the line as the rooters went wild with joy. Jeffers' kick for the extra point went foul by a foot.

Elmhurst Threatens

On the next kickoff Elmhurst returned the ball to their own thirty-five yard line, from which point three straight passes netted them seventeen yards. The next pass from center was a bad one and they lost twenty, only to come back with another gain of fifteen; but that was the end. When the following attempts failed, the ball was on our thirty yard line. Weier smashed center for five and then for another six as the game ended with the home boys on top: Elmhurst—0; St. Joe—6.

Both Teams Deserve Credit

Elmhurst presented a team of fine sportsmen and they put up a great fight. The St. Joe warriors also displayed plenty of grit and spirit and every man was in the game to win. Capt. Weier, Gunderman, Lyons and Jim Hipkind played under heavy handicaps, all of them being in a more or less crippled condition, but they were up and at them every minute

of the game and the way they smashed the line and skirted the ends was a sight for sore eyes. It is a regrettable fact that this is the entire backfields last game for St. Joe. The Liebert brothers on the wings played a fine game and Norm did himself proud when he grabbed the winning pass. Jeffers took care of the kicking in his usual commendable fashion, and the rest of the linemen fought for all they were worth.

Lineup

| | | |
|--------------------|----------|--------------|
| Liebert N. | R.E..... | Peters |
| Lucke | R.T..... | Bricker |
| Castillo | R.G..... | Underwood |
| Hoban | C. | Gotz-Brose |
| Hempfling | L.G..... | Wuebben |
| Jeffers | L.T..... | Frey |
| Liebert T. | L.E..... | Schroeder |
| Weier (Capt.) . . | Q.B... | Hatz (Capt.) |
| Hipkind | R.H..... | Watts |
| Lyons | L.H..... | Crane-Gaum |
| Gunderman | F.B..... | Bender |

Scoring: St. Joe; Norm Liebert.

Referee: Kirk (Rensselaer High).

Umpire: Puetz (University of Virginia).

Time keeper: O'Connor (St. Joe).

Head linesman: Hoffman (St. Joe).

| | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|---|
| Elmhurst | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| St. Joe | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 |

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